



COLOPADO

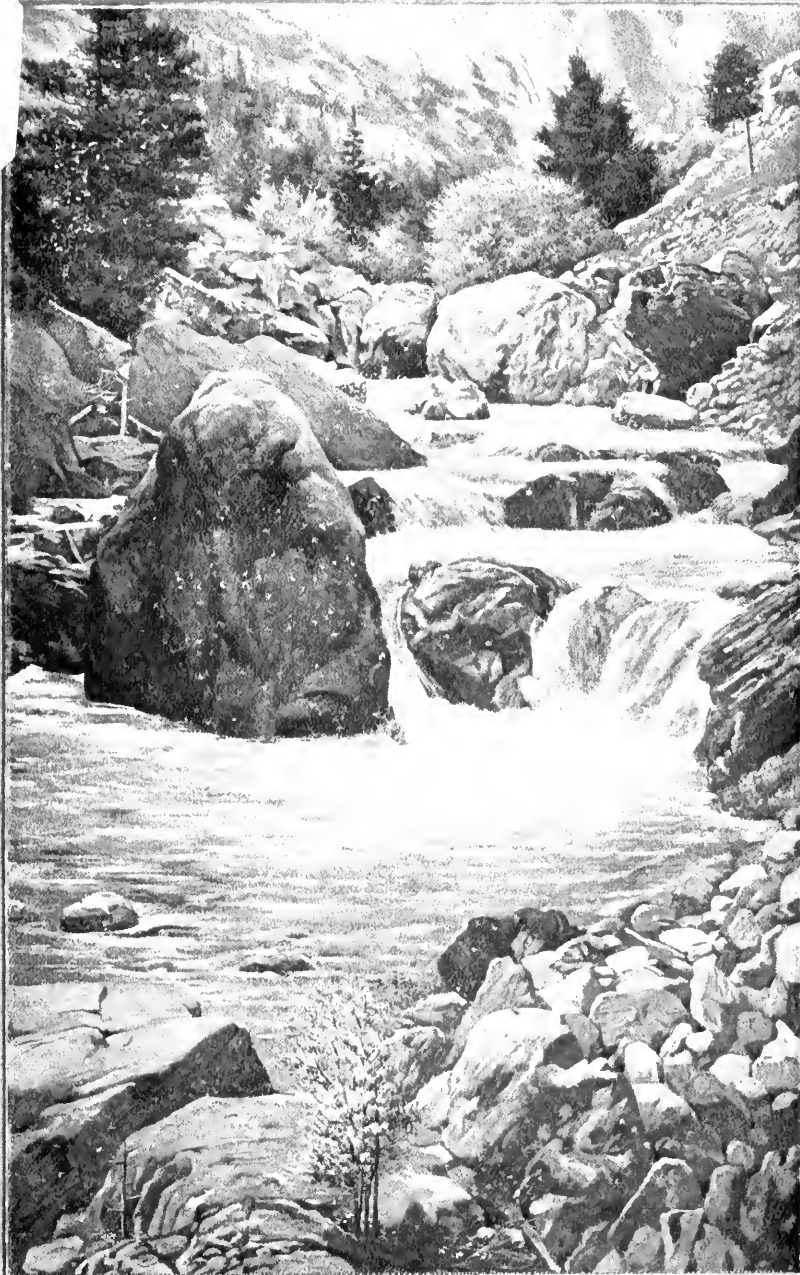


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COLORADO

Its Wonders
and Beauties

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GLACIER LAKE

Colorado is a word of Spanish origin, and means "red," or "colored," in allusion, probably, to the ruddy-colored sandstone prevalent in the State. Colorado has inspired as much sentiment as any of the older States, and Pike's Peak stands in poem, picture and romance as well as Plymouth Rock. And there is, after all, fair reason for this. The story of the gold camp, with its dramatic movement, tragic tints of color and episodes of humor and pathos, makes strong material for history; and the narrative of the struggles and triumphs of those pioneers, who sat down before these towering mountain walls to build a State, is beyond romance, and partakes of the heroic.

This grand young commonwealth is also called the Centennial State, having been admitted to the Union August 1, 1876.

Traces of the real early settlers, the blue-blooded aristocracy of away back, are found to-day in Southwestern Colorado. They were "cliff-dwellers," and on the Rio Mancos their houses may still be seen. It is the opinion of many learned gentlemen that they were the descendants of the ancient Aztecs—but it doesn't matter—they were the first settlers, beyond any sort of doubt, and that honor remains solid with them. They were a fairly agreeable people, according to their lights, somewhat given to living in contracted quarters and to having controversies in which stone knives were used; but they gave



BEGINNING THE CLIMB ON THE CRIPPLE CREEK TRIP

way in time to the Mexican borderers, leaving no recorded history save these mute, swallow-like homes. The Mexican came to stay; he is there yet, in pretty strong array in the southern counties, and as far north as Pueblo. Old Mexican land-grants still cover some of the richest land in southern Colorado.

Señor Francisco Coronado, a Spanish hidalgo, headed an expedition into this country in 1540-42. Like all dreamers of his day—those real knights of conquest and adventure—he believed the country to be filled with gold. He records that he explored thoroughly, but found none. It is probable that Señor Coronado was not as keen a gold-seeker as is the average prospector of to-day, for he must have trodden on millions of the precious metal in his wanderings. There is a long "time gulf," as the voice of the old Spanish explorer dies away. The Spaniards and the Indians possessed the country, and traded and intermarried, and swindled each other, in a genial way, with great mutual satisfaction.



IN THE CAÑON OF THE BIG THOMPSON

There do not appear to have been any exploring expeditions or other invaders for a long time, and the people had a rest for a matter of 250 years. Colorado, you will remember, was a part of the "Louisiana Purchase," in 1803; and, in the autumn of 1806, Captain Zebulon Pike was exploring the valleys of the Arkansas. Coming north, his attention, day by day, was attracted toward a great peak, which seemed to beckon. So he came into these gorgeous passes and tried, in an amateurish sort of way, to get to the top of the mountain. In his account of his travels, which was published in 1810, is recorded the story of his attempt, which failed most ingloriously. He never ascended that lofty height, but, in the pathetic language of now, "he got there just the same," by giving his name to the mountain; and hence it is Pike's Peak even unto this day. This bad example has found base imitators up to the present, for there be tourists who will stoutly aver that they have been there also and witnessed the sun rise.

Captain Pike deposes, concisely, as follows: "We commenced ascending; found it very difficult, being obliged to climb up rocks, sometimes almost perpendicular; and, after marching almost all day, we camped in a cave, without blankets, victuals or water. We had a fine, clear sky, whilst it was snowing at the bottom. Some distance up we found buffalo; higher still a new species of deer, and pheasants. On arriving at the summit of the chain, we found the snow middle deep; no sign of bird or beast inhabiting this region. The summit of the grand peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now appeared to the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from us, and as high again as what we had ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to arrive at its base, when I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle." The truth is that the gallant officer had taken the wrong trail, and emerged on a mountain spur fifteen miles distant from the peak proper.

Colonel S. H. Long next visited Colorado in 1820, named a peak after himself, and went away. He didn't climb *his* mountain, either.

General John C. Fremont ("Pathfinder") came along in 1843, and the report of his explorations first awakened public interest in the Territory. Although Pike, Long and Fremont bore testimony to the great mineral wealth of the country, they did not report the discovery of precious metals. The next year Fremont's expedition returned from California by another route and thoroughly explored North, Middle and South Parks, reporting many interesting observations. The only result of these reports seems to have been the importation of a few French and half-breed fur-traders, who settled down and grew up with the country and the Indians.

After the close of the Mexican war, the country began to be settled by white men, retired army officers and the like, and matters ran along, in an uneventful way, until George A. Jackson stumbled upon the shining golden sand in the bed of Clear Creek (now Idaho Springs), on the 7th day of January, 1859.

On May 7, 1909, a multitude of people, comprising the foremost citizens of Colorado, gathered at Idaho Springs for the purpose of dedicating a monument to the old prospector whom ex-Governor Adams aptly termed the "founder of the commonwealth." The structure consists of a granite



BYER'S CAÑON



ARAPAHOE GLACIER—THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA

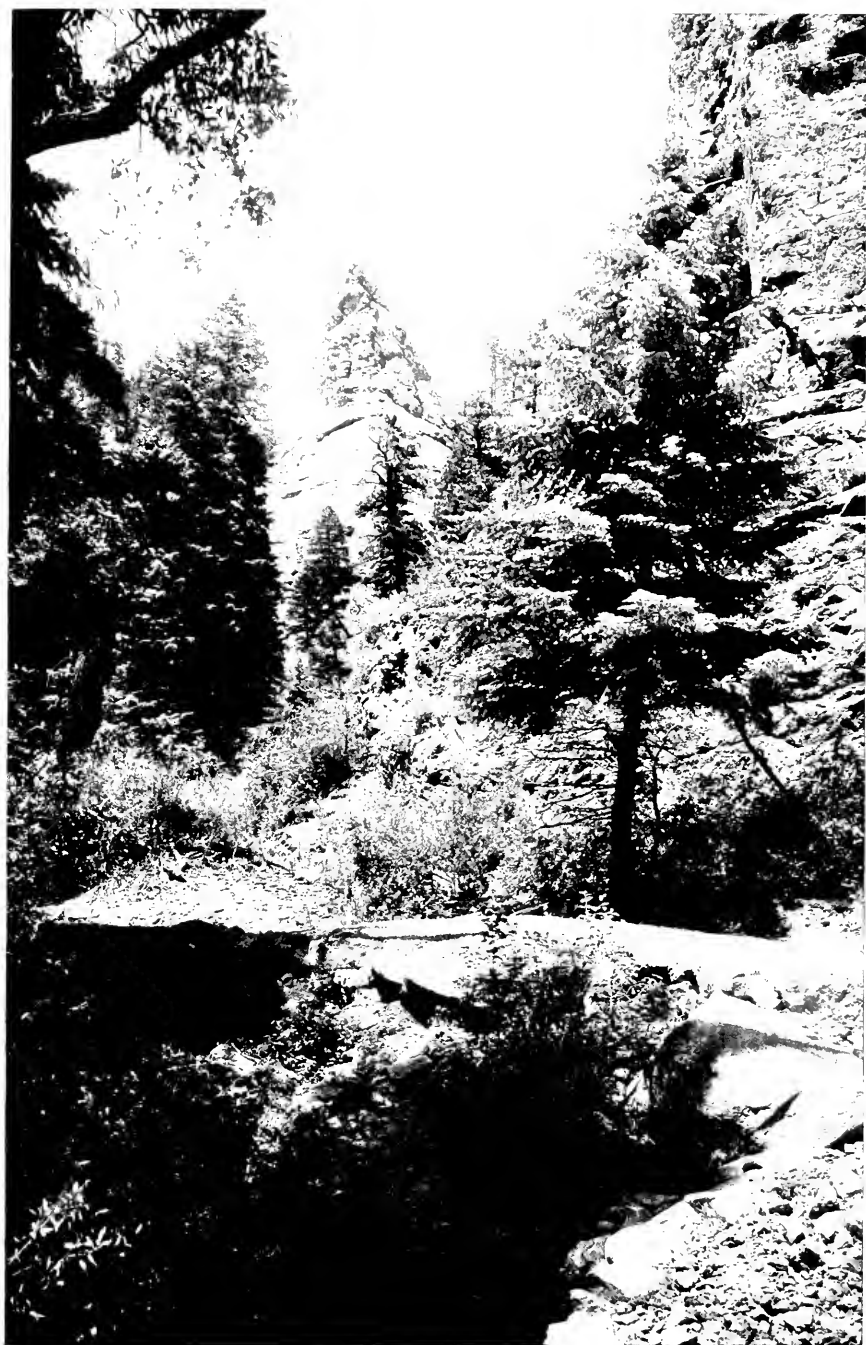
base surmounted by a huge boulder of native rock, and upon its face inscribed in bronze are the following words: "On this spot was made the first discovery of gold in the Rocky Mountains by George A. Jackson, January 7, 1859. Placed May 7, 1909."

Denver was a trading post almost from the first. The town was named in honor of the (then) governor of Kansas, General J. W. Denver, of Leavenworth.

The Denver of to-day is a splendid metropolitan city. With Colorado it has grown, keeping pace with the advance-



ESTABROOK IN PLATTE CAÑON



PROSPECT DOME—CHEYENNE CAÑON



THE CRIPPLE CREEK LINE

ment of the State, and reflecting at all times all that was most energetic, all that was most progressive, in its history. From a small collection of weather-worn tents, it has grown into a prosperous and beautiful city, with broad streets and boulevards, with splendid business blocks and elegant houses and a population which aggregates 200,000. With all the facilities of trade and travel which money and enterprise can construct; with all the advantages of social, educational and religious culture which the spirit of the age can suggest; with all the opportunities for the pleasures, conveniences, and comforts of life which fortune or refinement may desire, and with a future before it unrivaled for commercial prosperity or industrial renown, this is the Denver of to-day.

This is assuredly true in every particular. Denver is a peculiarly attractive city socially, and its commercial importance is known to all the world. It is a grand stopping place for the invalid tourist, wherein he may accustom himself to a bracing atmosphere before attempting the higher elevations;



ON THE GOLF LINKS AT GLEN ISLE—PLATTE CAÑON

Denver being at the medium altitude of 5,182 feet. No matter how warm it may be in the day (and the mercury does, occasionally, climb to ninety degrees), the nights are unvaryingly cool—a blanket being found comfortable in midsummer. There are many beautiful walks and drives in and around the city, and the tourist can spend a delightful week here in this "Queen City of the Plains."

In the old days one took the stage up Clear Creek; and, although there was a boulder or two to be met with, and the creek to be crossed every few hundred yards, it was considered a good road, as roads went in the early sixties in Colorado. Up this narrow defile came a steady, continuous procession of heavy-laden wagons, with supplies of all sorts for the mining towns. It is the one cañon nearest Denver (distance about 37 miles) accessible to the tourist. It is fifteen miles to Golden, across a level stretch of country, which does not look much like a "desert," or a "dry, void tract," but rather suggests some cozy valley in the far East—comfortable farm houses, fields of waving grain, shady groves and shining streams of water.

From the observation car can be seen the smoke of young leviathan Denver, behind, as the train heads for those towering foothills—the outer sentinels of the great cañon beyond in the mountains. The train flashes into Golden—famous as an



RAINBOW FALLS

old "camp," and the first capital of the State, now a thriving, prosperous place. The town lies on the site of an ancient lake; around the base of the mountain walls surrounding it may be seen the water-marks of prehistoric floods. From here we plunge at once into the gorge, and for nearly sixty miles follow this picturesque marvel.

There is nothing like Clear Creek Cañon in America. It is not exaggeration to say that, for wild rugged scenery, Nature in her most majestic mood failed to provide its equal, and it can not be described. The skilled litterateur may throw together masses of gorgeous words, as if to rival the grandeur of those rocky fastnesses, but words seem puny and inadequate. And, after many a day-dream when one is restored to the quiet of home, the effort to place the picture again before the fancy is fruitless; there remains a vision of a resistless mountain torrent rushing madly down a wild chasm, which can be likened only to one of those appalling scenes in the "Inferno;" overhead a haunting hand's breadth of gleaming sky; the grim walls close enough to touch, at times, as you flit by; the fantastic shapes carved upon the mountain, bold profiles and fairy castles; the tranquil summer land in which you occasionally dash, when the cañon widens into a few brief acres, green, shady, inviting; a passing glimpse of a dazzling, snow-summit, far away in the upper ether—these, and more, one may recall and still there remains an indefinable sense of something elusive that you have not held fast, and can not describe. It is the spirit of beauty, the power of pure ennobling scenery, which can not be taken away from its mountain home or ever be reproduced in words.

At Forks Creek, twenty-nine miles from Denver, a branch of the cañon shoots off to the right. Here a line runs to Central City and Blackhawk, eleven miles distant. The next point made is the far-famed Idaho Springs. Gashed, seamed, and rent are the mountains in every direction, but a lovely plateau of ten or fifteen acres is left in the valley—ample room for a beautiful town. The grim outline is softened by a view up no less than five cañons, and the sides of these steep defiles are green with mountain pines and shrubs which cling, in all sorts of impossible places, to their mountain home.

There is a little gulch about three miles from Idaho Springs, midway between that town and Central City, called Russell Gulch; and gold was found there also in 1859.

But few remain of the many houses which made this a great "camp" fifty years ago; Central City, as she grew, being a more desirable place of residence. Passing through the straggling remnants of the village, one notes, among the last of the structures on the left side, a strongly built, uncompromisingly ugly log-cabin. A sturdy man built it in 1860, and worked like a Trojan at mining and at whatever his hands could find to do.

He had the usual ups and downs of a miner's life, rich one day and poor the next, but he plodded on, saying, "She's got to come;" and one day he "struck it." A lucky vein of ore turned up for him, and he sold out for \$25,000. He vanished from Russell Gulch; the cabin still stands there by the roadside, solitary and uninhabited; a few of the old-timers alone remember the man who lived there, but millions of people all over the civilized world have heard of George M. Pullman, and have traveled in his palace cars. He was the man who lived in that log cabin in 1860.

GEORGETOWN

But push along for Georgetown, 14 miles distant, a handsome town, and built as a place of permanency and established residence.



STATE UNIVERSITY, BOULDER, COLO.



BABBLING BROOK—BIG THOMPSON CAÑON

The bright sunshine, the pure atmosphere, the mountain breeze, the cool, dewless nights, render life in this portion of the Rockies a pleasurable and inspiring existence. During the winter the temperature is even less severe and more equable than the winters of Denver, the city of the finest climate on the continent. The snowfall is so light that sleighing and winter sports are almost unknown, while the winter season by no means interferes with the mining industry.

The railway follows the water level of Clear Creek into the heart of the mountains, and, at the virtual head of the cañon, where Georgetown is situated, every part of the range is reached, not with undue exertion, but with comfort and pleasure.

Perched above Georgetown is the famous "loop," that wonderful piece of engineering skill, now world famous.

Passing above west Clear Creek, with just a glimpse of the picturesque bridge that spans Devil's Gate, the road runs

under the great viaduct, and rises and rises until you have left the city hundreds of feet below; and to the north, but with a sudden turn, it is again seen, with the train this time rushing toward the city and still climbing; again a turn to the east; now, ninety feet below is the track just passed.

Away again on the farther side of the mountain; again crossing to the west side, suddenly turning to the east until the "Big Fill," seventy-six feet high—too sharp a curve for a bridge—has given another circle to the track; then, with a turn to the west, around the slope of Mount McClellan; still another view of Georgetown with all the tracks in view, each seeming to have no relation to its neighbor until another valley in the mountains discloses the pretty village of Silver Plume, the close ally and best friend of Georgetown. But the "loop" is a railway on a "bender"—it is the apotheosis of gyration, the supreme luxury of entanglement—yet all wisely, clearly, skillfully planned—a wondrous monument to human genius and engineering skill.



ROCK CREEK ON THE CRIPPLE CREEK LINE



RECEPTION ROOM—SHAWNEE LODGE

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE FAMOUS "LOOP"

The "Loop" was built in 1881-82, under the direction of Robert Blickensderfer, C. E. The high bridge is on a curve, the radius of which is $319\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The track under the bridge is 8,697 feet above sea level. Elevation of track on bridge at point of crossing is 8,772 feet. The track on the bridge is seventy-five feet higher than the track below, and is ninety feet higher than the water level in Clear Creek under the bridge.

The gradient, or rise of track, is 185 feet to the mile, or three and one-half feet to the 100 feet. Silver Plume is 9,176 feet above sea level; Georgetown, 8,476 feet. Actual distance between the towns by rail, four and one-tenth miles; by wagon road only one mile. Horseshoe Curve, on the Big Fill, has a radius of 191 feet; the "Fill" is seventy-five feet high. Between Denver and Silver Plume, the railroad track crosses Clear Creek eighteen times.

A LIFETIME IN A DAY

You have been steadily rising in the world since the beginning of this trip, and at Waldorf station, although at an



BRIDGE ABOVE DEANSBURY

exalted altitude, are still far below that summit whereto you are bound. But here are the seven stages of ascent:

Denver,	5,170 feet	0 miles
Golden,	5,680 "	16 "
Idaho Springs,	7,543 "	37 "
Georgetown,	8,476 "	50 "
Silver Plume,	9,176 "	54 "
Waldorf,	11,666 "	63 "
Mt. McClellan,	14,007 "	70 "

It is four hours from your summer room in Denver to the snowbank and ice palaces on Mt. McClellan. The aerial railway is constructed in a series of switch-backs and lands the visitor on the mountain top. It is claimed that, from this majestic outlook, 106 peaks are visible—some of them to the far north in Wyoming, and others to the west where the Utah line rims the horizon. One-sixth of the entire State of Colorado is before us in one immense sweep. It has been happily said that this little journey comprises "a lifetime in a day." Fortunate are those who reach this almost celestial air at dawn; then when the mountain tops begin to flush and tremble and glow, and the warm color steals down into the valleys far below, disclosing unimagined distances all aflame with light, you will have known what it is to see the sun rise on McClellan. No description can give any idea of the majestic grouping of mountain light and snowy range, of intermingling valley and cloud rifts, towering pine, and the gorgeous gushes of sunshine suddenly falling like a cascade over all. The vision from these supreme heights is glorious beyond description—a sight from the Delectable Mountains like unto that which the Pilgrims saw.

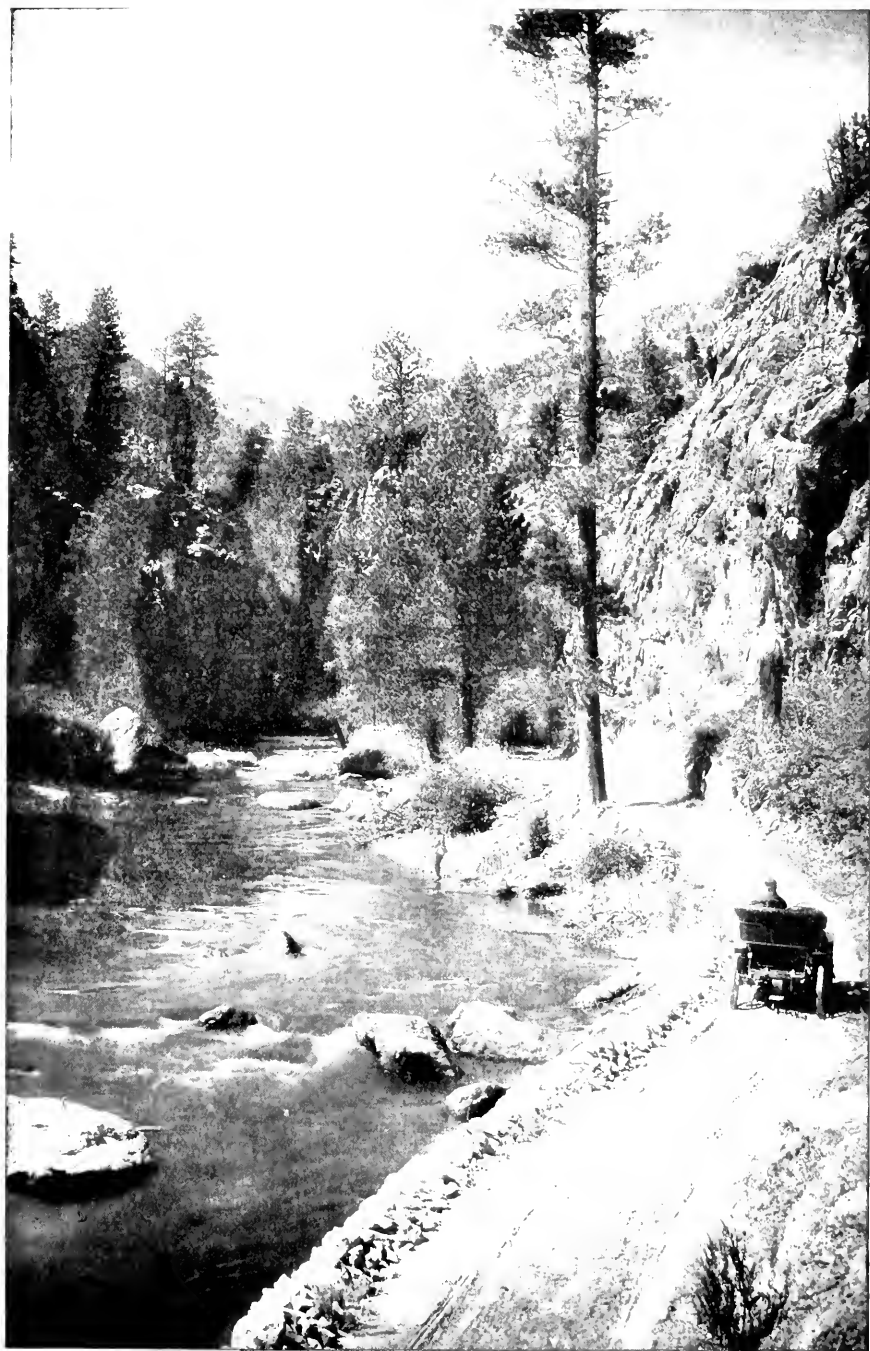
BOULDER

Boulder on the Union Pacific, 29 miles from Denver, is the seat of the State University, and the State Chautauqua grounds.

The mountain resorts near Boulder are of easy access by railroad or carriage, and, in addition to well-equipped hotels, there are beautiful lakes and crystal streams abounding in mountain trout. Stages run daily from Boulder to these points, where there are good hotels and excellent accommodations. Because of its natural healthfulness, its delightful climate, and its



ON THE ROAD TO CRIPPLE CREEK



IN PICTURESQUE BIG THOMPSON CANON

charming location, a large sanatorium has been established. The city and its beautiful environment of valley and hills have many superb attractions to the seeker after pleasure and health.

Greeley and Fort Collins, still farther north, are as justly famed as Boulder Valley.

Here is a soil and a climate that will grow anything in cereals and fruits. There is, in the orderliness and the broadly defined lines of the country, that which reminds one of the choicest part of New England, only the towns are more thriving than any of the nice-looking, but terribly poor, hamlets in the older States.

This is the garden valley. Here are raised all the vegetables and fruits which supply the dwellers on the high tablelands for many miles around and many a far distant State. Down this pleasant plain we sweep—the sentinel mountain chain always on our right; past Fort Collins with its fine buildings and shaded streets—past many a field of waving grain, and over many a mountain stream—until we glide slowly into Boulder.

And then, O! honest American citizen—you who raved about Switzerland, but never visited Colorado—behold this vision! There is a grandly impressive background of mountain heights flushed now with a tender play of light and color; the remoter peaks snow-capped, the nearer foot-hills covered with verdure, and, at their feet, nestling in security, is Boulder.

As far as you can see, down the valley, there are silver, shining streams, tiny lakes here and there, and many a fair farm land outlined in dim repose; back of all, the everlasting hills; before you a noble landscape; overhead a dome as clear and blue as ever arched Italian skies.

COLORADO SPRINGS

Colorado Springs is 73 miles south of Denver, and the ride is one of the most charming in Colorado. While moving through a beautiful valley, which gives evidence of fine cultivation, there are, on either side, magnificent views of pe-



POISED ROCK IN PLATTE CAÑON

cularly majestic scenery. We are almost under the shadows of the "Prince of the Range," and in the presence of the most impressive panorama in the Rocky Mountains; to the far south, the Spanish Peaks and the lesser brotherhood of snow-crowned summits loom and fade and fade and loom, through the tranquil summer air, like the baseless fabric of a dream. The mountain wall close at hand, the vivid green in the near foreground, and the distant vision of ever-lengthening receding centennial peaks seem like a view from an enchanted valley.

Colorado Springs is essentially a home resort. There are more people who have summer homes here than in any of the other frequented places in Colorado. There are good hotels in abundance and any number of attractive boarding-houses; but such is the beauty and salubrity of the place, that visitors who arrive here make up their minds to stay for the entire season, and, as a result, they gather about them the essentials



AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE

of home life and home comfort. There are no factories of any sort in Colorado Springs—nothing to take away from its quiet, secluded beauty. The streets are broader than in most cities, and lined with shade trees. The city has 30,000 people, is well lighted and paved, and possesses all the modern equipments for luxury and comfort in living.

A few miles distant from Colorado Springs, and connected by two lines of railway and street cars, is world-famous

MANITOU

Everyone has heard of it, hundreds of thousands have been there and thousands more each succeeding summer wend their way to this queen of mountain resorts. For Manitou possesses a charm which lingers—a magic spell which comes unbidden to haunt the traveler who has once rested under her 'witching glamour.

In the first place, then, just a few practical details before we enter upon the poetry of the place and the glory of her environment. Manitou lies in a cup-like glen, surrounded by mountains, and has, for an impressive background, high above the surrounding summits, the lonely majesty of Pike's Peak. Its regular inhabitants number, perhaps, 3,000 or 4,000; there are electric-light plants in full working order, three miles of streets lighted by arc lights; a beautiful avenue eighty feet wide runs through the village. On each side of this avenue, on the mountain side, may be seen numberless mansions, villas and cottages. These residences are peculiarly elegant in design and construction. In the center of the town are the springs, enclosed within pleasure-grounds, sparkling and bubbling from their hidden reservoirs. Hotels are in profusion; boarding-houses, cottages, almost any kind of a retreat, sanctuary or home that a traveler may desire.

The environment of Manitou is remarkable for its extent and variety. There is a surfeit of walks, rides, and drives: The ascent to the summit of Pike's Peak, Glen Eyrie, Queen's Cañon, Devil's Punch Bowl, Cheyenne Cañon, and Seven Falls; Petrified Trees, Monument Park, with the Mammoth Anvil, Dutch Wedding, Vulcan Work Shop, and Dunces' Parliament; Ruxton's Glen, Iron Springs, Ute Pass—all these and more. And yet there remains the one spot, the Erec-theum of the place,



SUN PARLOR—SHAWNEE LODGE

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

Perhaps no American writer of recent times has pictured Colorado scenery so lovingly, so truthfully, and with such finished skill as Ernest Ingersoll. He owns frankly that an accurate description of this "ruinous perfection" is almost hopeless. In the "Crest of the Continent," he says: "There is the Garden of the Gods, hidden behind those garish walls of red and yellow sandstone, so stark and out of place in the soberly-toned landscape that they travesty Nature, converting the whole picture into a theatrical scene and a highly spectacular one at that.

"Passing behind the sensational walls, one is not surprised to find a sort of gigantic peep-show in pantomime. The solid rocks have gone masquerading in every sort of absurd costume and character. The colors of the make-up, too, are varied from black through all the browns and drabs to pure white and then again through yellows and buffs and pinks, up to staring red. Who can portray, adequately, these odd forms of chiseled stone? I have read a dozen descriptions, and so have you, no doubt. But one I have just seen in a letter by a Boston lady is so pertinent, that you shall have the pleasure of reading it:

"The impression is of something mighty, unreal and supernatural. Of the Gods, surely, but the Gods of the Norse Walhalla in some of their strange outbursts of wild rage or uncouth playfulness. The beauty-loving divinities of Greece and Rome could have nothing in common with such sublime awkwardness. Jove's ambrosial curls must shake in another Olympia than this.' Weird and grotesque, but solemn and awful at the same time, as if one stood on the confines of another world, and soon the veil would be rent which divided them. Words are worse than useless to attempt such a picture. Perhaps, if one could live in the shadow of its savage grandeur for months until his soul was permeated, language would begin to find itself flowing in proper channels, but, in the first stupor of astonishment, one must only hold his breath.

"The Garden itself, the holy of holies, as most fancy, is not so overpowering to me as the vast outlying wilderness.



SHEEPSHEAD ROCK—ESTES PARK AUTO ROAD

"To pass in between massive portals of rock, of brilliant terra-cotta red, and enter on a plain, miles in extent, covered in all directions with magnificent isolated masses of the same striking color, each lifting itself against the wonderful blue of a Colorado sky with a sharpness of outline that would shame the fine cutting of an etching; to find the ground under your feet, over the whole immense surface, carpeted with the same rich tint, underlying arabesques of green and gray where grass and mosses have crept; to come upon masses of pale, velvety gypsum, set now and again as if to make more effective by contrast the deep red which strikes the dominant chord of the picture; and always, as you look through or above, to catch the stormy billows of the giant mountain range, tossed against the sky, with the regal, snow-crowned massiveness of Pike's Peak rising over all, is something, once seen, never to be forgotten.

"Strange, grotesque shapes, mammoth caricatures of animals clamber, crouch or spring from vantage points hundreds of feet in air. Here a battlemented wall is pierced by a round window; there a cluster of slender spires lift themselves; beyond, a leaning tower slants through the blue air, or a cube as large as a dwelling-house is balanced on a pivot-like point at the base, as if a child's strength could upset it. Imagine all this scintillant with color, set under a dazzling sapphire dome, with the silver stems and delicate frondage of young cottonwoods in one space, or a strong young hemlock lifting green



PICNIC GROUNDS—CRYSTAL LAKE—PLATTE CAÑON



TENTING BESIDE THE BROOK IN PLATTE CAÑON

symmetrical arms from some high rocky cliff in another. This can be told; but the massive skypiled masonry, the almost infernal mixture of grandness and grotesqueness, are beyond expression. After the first few moments of wild exclamation one sinks into awed silence."

PLATTE CAÑON

Twenty miles from Denver, is Platte Cañon, and through this sinuous rift in the mountains rushes the Platte River, dancing out of its shadowy channel into the full light of the valley. The South Park line, which is the short line to Leadville and the Gunnison country, enters the Cañon where the river leaves it. The general aspect is much like that of Clear Creek Cañon, of which it is a friendly rival. It is the same, in being a rocky chasm, its bed a rushing stream, but different in its wild contour.

To reach Platte Cañon, the trains pass through the western suburbs of Denver skirting the wooded banks of the Platte, and, twenty miles out, enter the somber cañon between lofty and forbidding walls which continue for fifty miles, receding at times to make room for picturesque little hamlets like Buffalo, Pine Grove, Slaghts, Grant, Kenosha and Como. At all of these places tourists can be accommodated, and trout and game abound.



SUMMER CAMP IN PLATTE CAÑON

At times the train seems about to dash against the face of the cliff, but, following the heavy steel rails, it turns suddenly and passes by in safety. The way through the cañon is a series of graceful curves, close to the overhanging rocks, often crossing the turbulent Platte River. In places the tops of the cañon almost seem to touch each other, and exclude the sun. The cañon is a geological study; the different formations and the terrific forces which have combined them tell their own stories.

Dome Rock is like the top of a buried mosque and is as regular in shape as if fashioned by the hand of man, except that one side is partly broken away. Cathedral Spires are in sight for miles, despite the winding of the cañon, and keep re-appearing long after they are passed.

This cañon affords fine opportunities for camping out. There is shade in plenty, trout, game and bathing, and good board to be had at neighboring houses. But the best way is to live in a tent and hire a servant to do the cooking. This is especially recommended to the invalid tourist. There are fifty miles of this varying panorama, and, after the train climbs Kenosha Hill, South Park is seen stretching away, one vast and level picture, as different from the cañon as night is from day. At Como the railway diverges, one line leading to Gunnison and the other to Leadville.

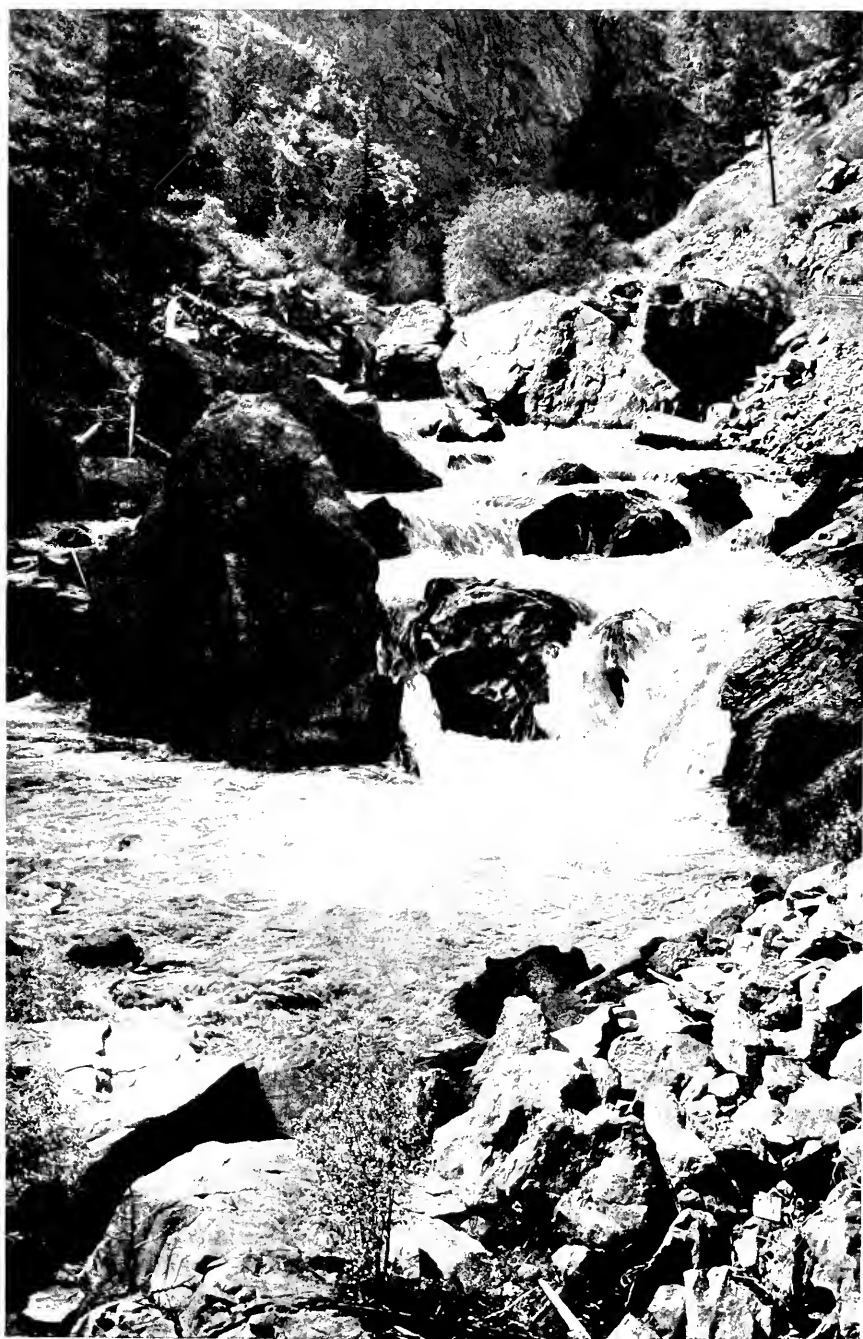


HOTEL GLEN ISLE—PLATTE CAÑON

THE MOFFAT ROAD

The Denver, Northwestern & Pacific Railway, named by the public the Moffat Road, in honor of its builder, David H. Moffat, is being constructed from Denver to Salt Lake City in an air line. The first fifty miles, extending from Denver to Tolland (Boulder Park), was completed and opened for traffic July 1, 1904.

Leaving Denver, at an elevation of 5,170 feet, the first twenty miles through valleys and foothills discloses the richness of the soil; then, for thirty miles, the road passes through and along the brow of sublime mountains until beautiful Boulder Park is reached at an elevation of 8,889 feet. The continual change of scenery is one of the greatest delights of this wonderful trip. Instead of following the water courses, as was formerly the universal custom in constructing mountain railroads, the track runs near the lofty crest of the mountain range. One moment an enchanting view of the plains and

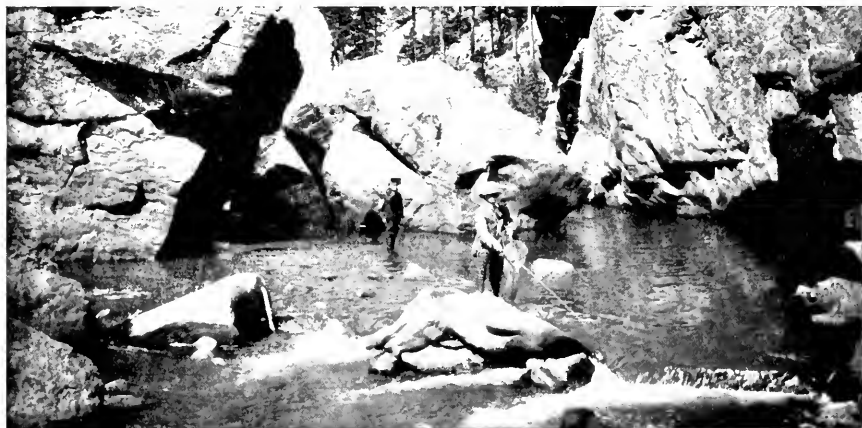


IN PLATTE CAÑON

valleys holds the traveler spellbound; then he is locked in the fastnesses of the mountains surrounded by their rugged peaks. Then he passes through cañons beside rushing mountain streams, until, at last, a beautiful wooded park is reached at the foot of the snow-capped Continental Divide.

Wonderful as is the trip from Denver to Tolland, it is excelled by the beauties to be enjoyed beyond that point. Leaving Tolland, at an elevation of 8,889 feet, the track rises in intricate windings by a uniform grade until the backbone of the American continent is reached at Corona, a height of 11,660 feet. Then, by a gradual descent down the Pacific slope of the Continental Divide for eleven miles, Arrow is reached, at an elevation of 9,585 feet. The completion of the road to Yarmony, Colo., its present western terminus, 147 miles from Denver, opens a new empire to the sportsman and pleasure-seeker.

The Fraser, and the Grand Rivers in Middle Park, and the scores of beautiful streams in Routt County, have long been famed for their trout fishing; and, during recent years, in addition to the numerous matured fish in their waters, 2,000,000 young trout have been planted in these streams and their tributaries. This insures unsurpassed fishing and the railroad company will have the streams re-stocked annually, and prevent fish being caught in an illegal manner. The Fraser River is within three miles of Arrow, and, from this point west, are numerous streams, all of which are well supplied



THE BIG ONES LIKE THE SHADY SPOTS



A LONG RIFFLE AND A LONG FIGHT

with trout. A regular stage service is provided and ample hotel accommodations, or weekly board at country homes, can be had at reasonable rates.

CRIPPLE CREEK SHORT LINE

As a matter of curiosity it is worth while to visit a "gold camp" which produces 50,000 tons of ore per month; where 5,000 miners are employed—a camp which, to-day, produces one-fourth of the gold product of the United States and one-seventh of the total production of the world. This is the famous Cripple Creek district, a place where, for ten years past, the gold taken from the earth has averaged twenty-two million dollars a year. You take the train from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek—a distance of 61 miles—over a road which cost the mine-owners of the camp \$85,000 per mile to build.

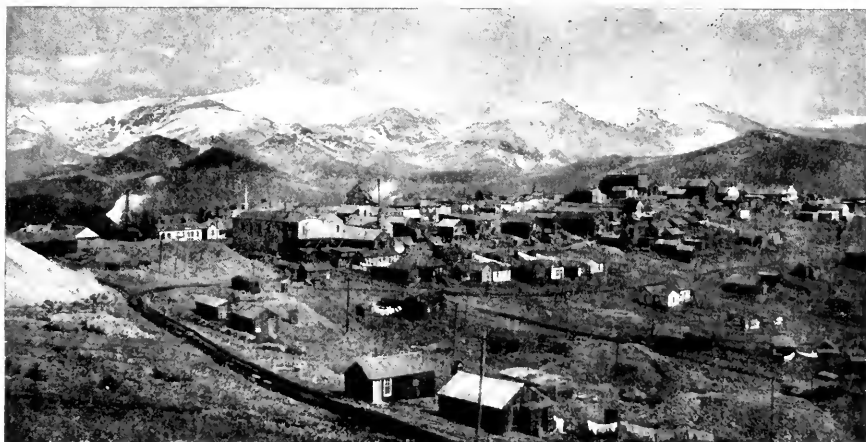
A distinctive and unusual feature of this trip is the construction of the road around the rims and over the tops of



LONG'S PEAK AND FLAT TOP

cañons and mountains, instead of following the stream levels at the bottom; thus affording a magnificent view of the indescribable beauties of North and South Cheyenne Cañons. The scenery on this elevated line is equal to any in Colorado.

Through the Cripple Creek district eighteen miles of electric lines are maintained, which pass all the large producing mines in the camp, and a trip to Cripple Creek is not complete unless you take the "Circle Trip." It is not only one of pleasure, but an educational one as well. You will leave the camp impressed with the wonderful sights that you have



ALTMAN, COLORADO

witnessed, and also with a good idea of how that which we are all seeking is produced.

ESTES PARK

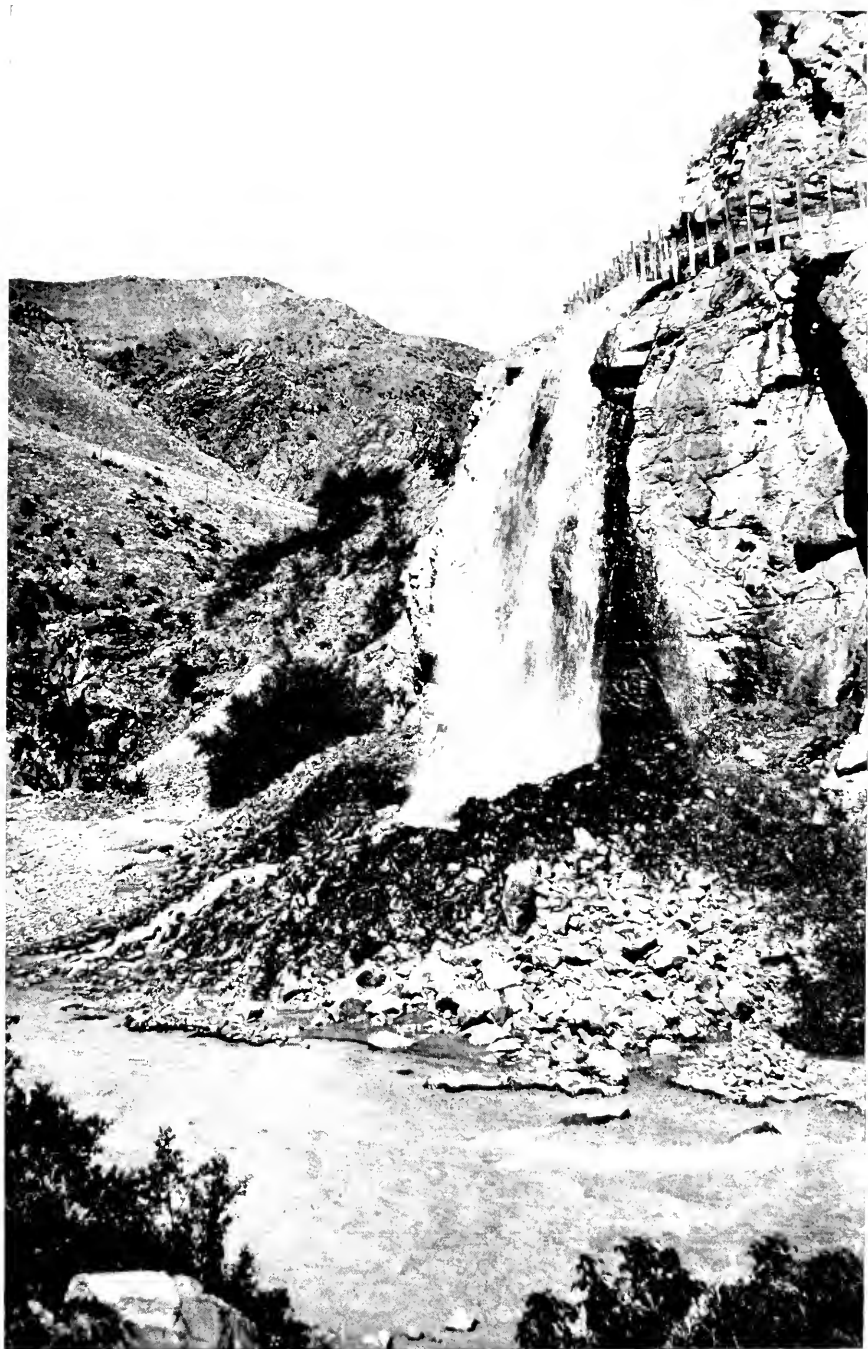
Estes Park is a wonderland, a little enchanted wilderness, fair as Calypso's Isle, yet as weird and fantastic in some of its features as Sir John Mandeville's "Valley Perilous." The Park is interesting, not only to the ordinary tourist, but to every variety of traveler. The geologist finds fossil remains and evidences of his most favorite theories of rock and mountain formation; the botanist finds, even in earliest springtime, the lavender-tinted mountain crocus following the first departure of snow, and, closely in its wake, the mountain daisy, with its petals of white and gold; the photographer can point to the rarest and most beautiful of mountain landscapes; the farmer can find potatoes, oats and various grains growing in valleys and on foot-hills, and within mountain fastnesses.

It was in Estes Park, near the summer residence of one of its greatest admirers, the Earl of Dunraven, that Bierstadt produced some of his grandest works; and it was near the same locality that the great painter instructed his patron as to the site of the Estes Park Hotel.

'MOST ANYWHERE

To the brigade commander who galloped up to gallant Phil. Kearney, during one of the hottest fights of the war, and inquired at what point he should begin, the General said, assuringly, "Oh, pitch in 'most anywhere—you will find lovely fighting all along the line." And so, by way of comparison, you can go in for enjoyment almost anywhere in Colorado, for that region is embarrassingly rich in alluring places for rest, recreation and outdoor sports. There is *Palmer Lake*, one hour from Denver, on the summit of the Continental Divide, good hotels, long distance telephone, quiet, salubrious, and mosquitoes unheard of.

Glenwood Springs, the splendid, one of the sights of Colorado, magnificent hotel, grand bathing—a place not to be overlooked. One could spend a month at either *Shawnee Lodge* or *Kiowa Lodge* in Platte Cañon, models of excellence in luxurious appointment and surpassingly fine cuisine, and



IRRIGATION FLUME—CLEAR CREEK CAÑON



ST. PETER'S DOME

situated in one of nature's most romantic strongholds. Then there is the Royal Gorge—world famous—a most majestic defile which one can not afford to miss. Take a trip to *Leadville*, that grand old camp that drew its thousands in other years and is still worth visiting.

Go south to Pueblo, the young Pittsburg of the west, where the great steel works will impress one with the idea that there is some manufacturing being done a long way this side of the Alleghanies. These and more—go where you will all over the State—some to amuse, instruct, or restore. The agricultural side of Colorado is rarely studied by visitors because the attractions of romantic or restful places are strongest, and, to the many, the State is forever to be classed as a gold-producer, but the truth is (and substantiated by official figures) that her agricultural value in farm land and products for 1908 was \$360,000,000, and the value of her gold output was \$22,000,000.

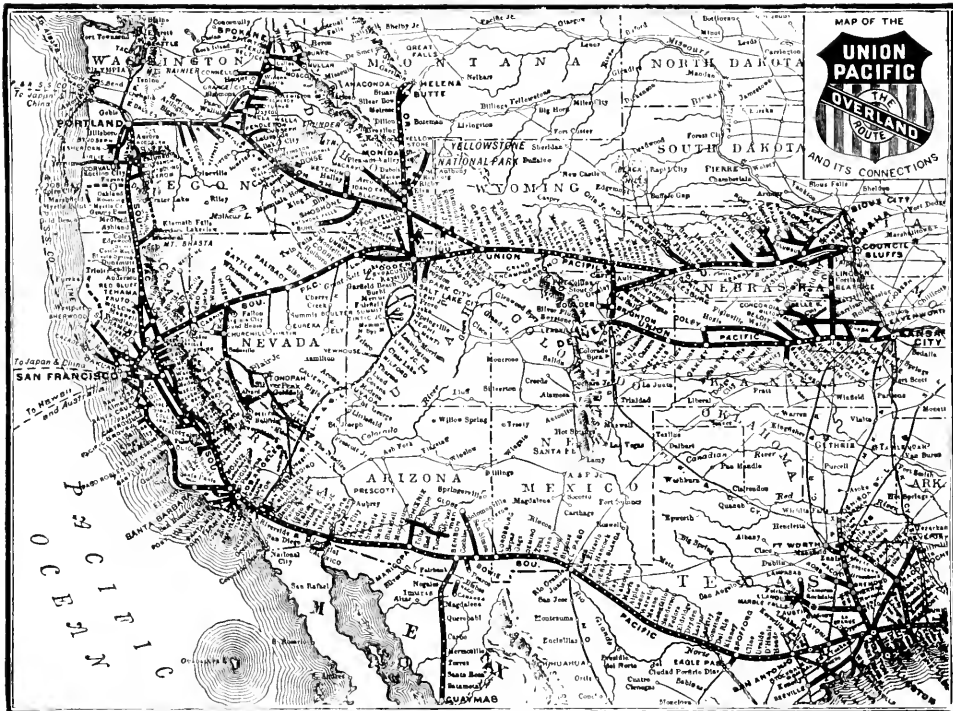
IN THE OPEN

Whether "heaven lies around us in our infancy" can be accepted without dispute, is a question, but certain it is that any man, woman or child, can come as near to finding in Colorado an Earthly Paradise wherein to enjoy a summer's outing as anywhere on this Continent, at least. For Nature has been prodigal here; go where you will, there is an inviting charm to allure you. The halt and the maimed, the



CONTINENTAL DIVIDE FROM HORSE RANCH

consumptive, the tired man, the healthy pleasure-seeker or the satiated roamer who has "been abroad," can find here his particular Arcady and enter into possession. There is no question regarding the beneficence of clear sunshine and pure mountain air, for the tonic balsam of the pines and the vital clarity of those upper heights have long ago discounted the medicine chests and the polite prison life of the sanatoriums. We talk largely these days, in an amateurish sort of way, of "therapeutic suggestion" and so on, but the silent majesty of a great mountain is the divinest suggestion we may know on this earth. The mounds of snow are stateliest; calmer, more divine than rugged peaks. "Our lives forever demand and need visual images that can be symbols to us of the grandeur or the sweetness of repose." So these domes of snow silently teach this lesson to every human heart with their spiritual uplifting and message of calm, and we know them, too, as our noblest friends, our most exalting and inspiring comrades, our grandest emblems of divine power and divine peace.



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